By MAUD BECKETT,

Author of "A Dirton Girl," "Those Rubies," "Child Eyes," "Eliza," "That Slip of a Girl," "A Great Heiress," Etc.

Sir Jasper Convers fidgeted somewhat un- and judge for yourself." easily with a paper knife that lay on the quarters in the Albany with his best friend, and Lady Conyers dined alone. Captain Dallas, but he was not quite at their weeds, he began:

"Congratulate me, old fellow-I'm going | diamonds. to be married."

Captain Dallas took the cigar from betonishment. "Married-you, Convers? | in commenting on the weather. No, not really-a confirmed old bachelor. back in his chair with a prolonged whistle. "It's no whistling matter, old chap-it's sand who ought ever to touch them."

a perfectly serious thing; and I want you

Convers; but it is a bit of surprise for a fellow to take in all at once, you know. the name of the fair lady who has suc- her for ages; she must be quite grown up and calculating as a hawk's, "he's about ceeded in captivating the stony heart of the now.' invulnerable Sir Jasper?"

ing my heart, and all that sort of rot; there is no question of the tender passion year I shall simmer down into a sober, resquire. I'll even become their M. F. H. if they want me to, and I'll subscribe to every local cricket club and charity bazaar the rustics like to organize."

"And you may enjoy it," interrupted his

Sir Jasper, "I'll spend in town as a regular | left the room, social and domestic lan dog: I'll allow myself to be towed along to all the fashionhow; if it doesn't answer we can break up she shall be good-looking enough not to yers portrait gallery; and she shall be poshadn't turned up I should probably have advertised for her. Fortunately, however, perfectly agrees with the terms of the bargain, and as a wife I believe she will suit me admirably. The wedding, I think, is fixed up for the beginning of March."

more interesting topics and remained together talking of old, times far into the night and until the first grey streaks of the dawn began to steal into the room through the folds of the half-drawn curtains.

Miss Mabel Trefusis was the elder daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Trefusis, of Shallowdene, Berks, and of Park lane. To be soul to the cause if the occasion had required. She was not quite a girl-at least, not a very young girl. She had made her curtsey to royalty a few years before, when her sister Joyce was a little round bunch of a child in white pinafores and a woman in London-and the best-looking, her schoolgirl life. "I have been so happy too, as she would frankly acknowledge to her dearest friends, while admiring the faultless reflection of herself in one of the candor which always characterized her ut- tears filling her eyes, which were not laugh-

She had many admirers-so many, in to be beautiful, well-off, and to have passed a chattering maid and heart-broken sobs. one's minth season in town and still remain Miss Mabel Trefusis, was the oddest thing, watched the carriage drive away, turned to be sure; but when Miss Trefusis rethan he knew what to do with, people acknowledged among themselves that the beautiful Mabel had waited to some purand then Sir Jasper was such a charming her. man and so handsome, too, in spite of the fact that his iron-gray hair was beginning to grow thin on his forehead. Mabel Trefusis was an exceedingly lucky woman, so the world said-and the world always

knows. And the Trefusis-Convers wedding went off in due course with great eclat. For three days it created quite a stir among the fashionable set who attended. Mabel Trefusis looked very beautiful-so beautiful, indeed, that Sir Jasper felt something very like pride as he walked down the aisle with his wife, and when they departed, amid an aristocratic shower of rice, to Snugley in the Dell, kindly lent by Lord Congleton, he remarked to himself that he had really done a wise thing in marrying the lovely

Miss Trefusis. At Conyers Court, afterwards, Lady Conyers queened it very effectually, and entirely to her own and her husband's satisfaction. She really made a most beautiful, stately and charming chatelaine of the solemn old oak-paneled rooms, and the cele- ters that came so regularly from Engbrated Conyers rubles had never been

shown off to better advantage. "The plan works admirably," thought Sir Jasper, in his solitary moments. To his friend, Captain Dallas, in answer to a hurried note from that gentleman, he wrote: "So glad to have your letter, dear old fellow, and I shall be gladder still to welcome you to Conyers Court. When are you coming? Do hurry up and make your appearance soon; your room is kept ready for dear boy. I find the arrangement a big talk to her, I want you two to be great mors of the court in an eminently satis- her sweetest on Captain Dallas.

factory manner; but you must really come

One night between the coming and going table. He sat smoking in his cozy bachelor of their brilliant house parties Sir Jasper

Her ladyship as she smiled at her hushappy. Round the region of his heart he band across the long table glittering with felt something very like trepidation, for silver and glass looked wholly brilliant, he had a confession to make. After a si- gracious and correctly fashionable. Her lence of some minutes, while they puffed gown was inimitably beautiful and appro- as if the matter were a very serious one priate, and she wore some of her exquisite | indeed.

Mabel," Sir Jasper remarked in the same bowls of sweet, fresh-smelling spring flowlevel tones he would have used to a friend

"Yes, am I not," she answered. "Dia-You can't mean it," and he threw himself | monds and white velvet suit me exactly, on the shining silver. There were plenty and there's not one woman in five thou- of pretty women and prettier frocks, but

to stand by me and see me through. Will so consciously so that she always said what laugh rang out quite so silvery and cor-"Be your best man? Certainly I will, airs adopted by her weaker sisters. When teeth gleamed in quite such an even, pearly with the greatest pleasure in the world, they were finishing dessert she remarked: row. She was smiling at Captain Dallas "I've just had a letter from mother by this | with all her might. You're the last man in the world I should | to go to Shallowdene for Easter. Joyce is | regarded him with her usual languid gaze, | ever have thought it of; but mayn't I hear | coming home, you know, and I haven't seen | which, in reality, was as keen and piercing

"My dear boy, don't talk about captivat- forgetful, well-bred way. "I've never heard | That brown, leathery, Indianish look of of her, have I?"

in the matter at all. I've never been hon- I gave you her letter to read when our en- | complexion of the usual Briton." estly in love in the whole course of my | gagement was announced, don't you reforty years of existence; I've got on re- member? Dear little Joyce! It was too blue eyes of his on her ladyship with the markably well without it, and I shall cer- bad that she had developed those horrid, open admiration which men usually distainly not begin the game now; but the troublesome measles just at the time of the played. It was extraordinary and sometruth is, I'm tired to death of the wander- | wedding. I did want her for one of my | what tantalizing that in the middle of her ing. Knockabout life I've been leading. bridesmaids. Mother sent her to Paris, you most bewitching and studied glance his at-I've visited every land on the face of the know, when my old governess married and tention seemed to wander across the room globe, and I've come to the conclusion that set up a school there. She was such a to one corner where Joyce sat, with her England's as good as any of them, and I dreadful little pickle that nobody could clear, frank eyes lifted to Sir Jasper's face, mean to settle down. Convers Court is manage her except Madame Delhane, so as she listened intently to what he was running to seed for want of living in, and mother gave her up as hopeless. I haven't saying to her. After tea Joyce put on her it's time I found a wife from somewhere to seen the child for nearly two years. I won- big picturelike hat to take Sir Jasper For eight months in the | der what she's like now; children alter so at her age. Why, she must be seventeen "Indeed," said Sir Jasper.

"Shall I write and say we are coming?" "Yes, by all means if you wish to. We have we? We can go down to Shallowdene on Saturday if you are ready." And "The remaining four months," continued | Sir Jasper rose to open the door as his wife

It was very, very sad, indeed, the saddest able functions my wife wants to attend. I thing, in fact, that had ever happened in the establishment, and her ladyship can be over. She did not like to think of it at about it to monsieur. But, with the complete and blessed optimism of youth, Joyce, would thrust the unpleasant thought away

with you, and you will come and spend all it will be almost exactly like being at school all the time, only heaps and heaps ing lessons. And, oh, isn't it just a lovely, lovely, beautiful world to live in, full of nice people and pretty clothes and things-

She was the happiest little being in creation; she was always so gay and so wholly irresponsible that you couldn't help loving And then the two friends passed on to her. They all did, girls and governesses alike, though her fingers were always inky, and she had been born with an irresistible never walk downstairs, she always had to jump, and the same force impelled her to shut doors with a bang, and her long black | felt the act that would have given him the legs, under her short serge frock, were always all over the place. She would acaim in life was to do as few lessons as possible. She hadn't come to school to learn -especially French. She was always in scrape. Somehow her misdemeanors were committeed so openly that they were in-

> "Oh, it is perfectly, perfectly dreadful to be leaving you all," Joyce said as she lifted here, and I love you all so much, and I just hate to think I'm going away."

variably found out.

And she looked up to madame with an April face of smiles shining through the ing then, but very wistful. And the next day, when home-going, excited girls and fact, that she had ceased to count them; | tired, cross governesses reigned over mathe wonder was that she had never been dame's usually orderly household, Joyce married. People marveled at it greatly- departed in a cab amid a heap of boxes, Monsieur and madame, after they had

with a sigh together into the house, which turned to Shallowdene from Cannes, en- felt lonely to them then, for they had loved gaged to Sir Jasper Convers, owner of fifty the blithe, quicksliver Joyce very much thousand a year and more country houses | indeed, and it was sad to feel that she had gone from their lives.

They hoped very earnestly that the world about which Joyce knew so little and hoped pose. It was a brilliant match, indeed; so much would prove merciful and kind to

> And in an incredibly short space of time Joyce developed into a young woman. The wavy brown hair was twisted up into a fashionable top-knot, and the impertinently short frocks were abandoned for those of more decorous dimensions. And when one day she entered Buckingham Palace in a beautiful white gown, all bilowy and soft with chiffon and lace and lilies of the valley, with three feathers nodding on her pretty brown head, to make her curtsey to the Queen, she was candidly acknowledged to be the very prettiest debutante of the

> Seventeen was really much too young, sighed Joyce's mother, for one's first season; but then, Joyce was so eager to be launched on the big world of society, and she always got her own way in such a

remarkable easy manner. And madame, in the far-away, quiet old house in the suburbs of Paris, read and reread again the joyous, girlishly loving let-

"What a happy time the dear girl is having," she remarked to monsieur. It was a very gay and fashionable party indeed that assembled at Shallowdene for

Sir Jasper and Lady Conyers arrived amid a great bustle and much rustling of her ladyship's silken skirts. As usual, she had a very great deal to say.

"Ah, Joyce!" My dear child, how you've you always, you know. We've got a jolly grown!" she began, whilst she kissed the houseful here now-some pretty girls, too, pretty upturned face. "So sorry I couldn't among them Valentine Yorke, you were so be up in town for the drawing-room. Evsweet on all last season. As to the last part erybody said you looked quite deliciously of your epistle, yes! a dozen times yes, my sweet. Jasper, this is Joyce. Come and success; we don't interfere with each other | friends, you know." And the beautiful in the least, and Mabel is really a remarka- Lady Conyers rustled off with her society bly handsome woman, and she does the manner and her gleaming teeth to smile

Joyce, as Sir Jasper came up to her, lifted her big, truthful gray eyes to his.

"So you are Sir Jasper! I've heard such a lot about you that I almost felt as if I knew you before; but you aren't a bit like what I pictured you," and she almost laughed her happy, girlish laugh.

"Not what you pictured me?" said Sir Jasper. "How am I different? Do tell me. Do I suffer very badly by the comparison?

"Oh, I don't know; but you are quite, quite different."

"Now, I believe from the way you said that I am not half so nice as you expected me to be. Tell me, Joyce, what your Jasper was like, and I will try very hard to live up to bim," and Sir Jasper's eyes, as they looked into hers, were quite grave,

The big square hall at Shallowdene, with "How well you are looking to-night, its somber, old-world furniture and its big ers, echoed with the rattle of teacups and the chatter of many voices as the flames from the wooden logs flickered and gleamed most brilliant among the assemblage chat-Lady Conyers was a very clever woman, | tered the lovely Lady Conyers. Nobody's she thought and never affected the innocent | rectly pure in tone as hers, and nobody's

evening's post, Jasper, and she wants me "Really," thought her ladyship, as she the handsomest man I ever met. Jasper "Who's Joyce?" asked Sir Jasper in his looks merely commonplace beside him. his skin is most delightful, and such a re-"Why, of course you have, my dear boy. | lief after the rudely healthy, fresh-looking

Captain Dallas did not turn those keen round to the aviary to see her doves-for Sir Jasper had suddenly grown very learned indeed about the care of doves.

As they walked through the garden, down the perfectly kept gravel walks Sir Jasper found himself telling this slim-figured girl all sorts of things about himself. It was good to watch her eyes fill with alarm at the story of that narrow shave with the snake and to see the tears well up at the account of the coolie woman's little black pickaninny when the tiger carried it off into the jungle.

She never said "Re-ally," and "Indeed." and "How awfully sad" in the same tone that Lady Convers did. And when Joyce told him all about the school in Paris and madame and the Euclid classes and the funny little old professor Sir Jasper found all that schoolgirl history quite the most interesting conversation he had ever lis-

At dinner her beautiful ladyship in her gorgeous yellow satin gown, with the diamonds gleaming all over her, "which not one woman in five thousand ought to who had knocked about the world for years and who knew a very great deal, and both of these wandered somehow to Joyce all the time-Joyce in her simple, almost childlike it badly. I haven't told you before; I chiffon frock, with not one diamond about | couldn't talk about it even to you; but her, only a single string of pearls round her slim, little white throat.

It was a little bit unaccountable, and Sir in fact-and I'm going to try my luck, Jasper, who understood most things, though that she doesn't love me I feel percouldn't understand quite why, whatever | fectly sure. But she's so young, too young, was said or talked about or planned he in fact, to really know what love means; Joyce would think and how Joyce would will make her love me-I'm sure I can. like it. Every time the door opened when I've knocked about the world, like you, a Joyce was not in the room Sir Jasper would | good bit, and I thought I'd got pretty well | pet, and where the soft, woolly, golden look up quickly as if he expected somebody | to know the sex. I fancied they were all altogether a comfortable feeling by any well, Joyce has taught me a lesson, and I | trees. means. And once or twice Sir Jasper had | feel grateful to Providence for letting me have been to get up and punch the good usual earnestness at a certain slip of a girl. Lately Sir Jasper had woke up from his wife's flashing eyes and rippling society laugh, but of the truthful, clear gray ones | benedict venture has proved such a suc-

And Joyce? Sir Jasper was not a bit like what she had pictured him, only very, very and strong, and manly, and handsome, and so clever, too. He knew such a very great Dick. Be very good to her, that's all. But late that night, with a very white look on was very slow-there was simply no one deal about the world and everything, and you are wrong when you say that Joyce his usually dark face, Captain Dallas said: to admire her; and then the deadly monot yet he was so kind, so thoughtful, so full | doesn't know what love means. I think of chivalry. Just a man, in fact, to have she does, Dick." to love and protect one forever and ever.

without a spice of coquetry lurking in their | cess."

"Ah, if there could only be two Sir Jas- only give me the right, I'll devote the rest | word, I feel now as if I'd like to take my pers in the world!" thought Joyce,

WEATHER **NECESSITY**

BROSNAN'S

On Washington Street

CHRISTMAS WANTS

Quick Cloak Selling on Our Second Floor



Raglans

RAGLANS, like cut, made of Oxford back, velvet piped, \$15.00 gar-\$7.98 ments, Monday's price RAGLANS, light and dark gray home-

spun and melton cloth, full loose back, with or without seam, \$12.50 \$17.50 value, Monday RAGLANS AND ULSTERS, half and

tight-fitting castors, navy and Oxfords, American mills kersey, half satin lined, yoke front and back, \$20.00 garments, sale price, \$14.95 Monday RAGLANS AND ULSTERS, imported

kersey cloth, handsomely stitched, strapped and tailored, tans, castors and blacks, \$25.00, \$27.00 and \$30.00 wraps, your choice Mon- \$21.50 TAILOR-MADE SUITS, all-wool pebble

cheviot, graduated flounce, skirt lined with spunglass, jackets lined with best taffeta, \$20.00 suits, \$15.00

And so the days went by, and they were

One night Sir Jasper sat smoking again

with his friend, Captain Dallas, in the

library of Shallowdene. This time it was

"Jasper, old fellow, I want you to wish

me all the luck that you can, for I need

Joyce, desperately so-clean bowled over,

perhaps you've guessed! I'm in love with | ing and altogether fascinating than ever.

Monday

very happy spring days indeed.

Dick Dallas who fidgeted uneasily.

me, Conyers-it's love, you know!"

had not been there half an hour ago.

I of my life to making her happy."

Sir Jasper gave a gesture of impatience,

and put up one hand to shade his eyes.

Then he took his friend's hand and wrung

"I do wish you joy with all my heart,

FRENCH FLANNEL WAISTS, cream, reds, blues, greens, castors, all-wool flannels, tucked and Norfolk \$2.98 styles, \$3.50 waists, Monday...\$2.98

27-INCH LIGHT TAN COATS, strictly all wool, all-satin lined, coat or storm collar, \$12.50 coats, sale price, \$7.98

Skirts and Coats WALKING SKIRTS, of heavy Oxford melton cloth, 9-inch flaring flounce,

skirts \$2.48 27-INCH LIGHT TAN COATS, handsomely trimmed with panne velvet, best furriers' satin lining, coat or storm collar of panne velvet, \$18.50

Indiana's Greatest Bargain

THREE-QUARTER COATS, of strictly all-wool kersey cloth, all shades, tans, castors, navy and black, all silk lined, some plain, others handsomely strapped, all perfectly tailored, coat or storm collars, sizes 32 to 46, positive \$17.50 value, Monday's \$12.50 sale price

Xmas Fur Sale

BEST ELECTRIC SEAL Jackets, wear guaranteed, best guaranteed satin lining, skins of XXXX quality, London dye and perfectly matched, all sizes; a personal inspection will convince you of the superiority of these garments over any \$40.00 in \$26.50 BEST NEAR-SEAL, 45 inches long.

warranted to wear, best lining, best Golden beaver collar and revers, not a better garment of the kind \$75.00 manufactured, \$100.00 value. ISABELLA FOX Fur Scarfs, 54 inches long, full width, large fluffy \$9.98 tails, \$15.00 value, Monday...

Christmas Dolls

Dressed Dolls, Monday for.....25c All styles of Dressed Dolls.......50 Large-sized Dressed Dolls for 750 Negro Dolls, Chinese Dolls, 25c dressed in different styles, for...25c A lot of assorted Dolls, in all styles, go at a sacrifice price, from 50c

Sir Jasper did not sleep that night. For

hours he paced up and down his room. His

could not think; he was only conscious of

morning his face showed gray and lined

and haggard in the spring sunlight and

there were a few more gray hairs mixed

delicious woods, where the primroses were

just beginning to peep out of a yellow car-

balls of the willow shone through the bud-

ding, though still naked, branches of the

Joyce and Sir Jasper gathered primroses,

too. But each time the silvery tones of

Lady Conyer's laugh sounded through the

woods something like a shudder passed

through the strong frame of Sir Jasper,

for it sounded to him almost a hideous,

witchlike cackle. And when at night be-

fore going down to dinner her ladyship, in

an extra gracious mood, remarked, in her

condescending manner, "You may kiss me

if you like." he felt that he absolutely

loathed the beautiful, artificial face before

him; he would have liked to shake her,

even to strike her-anything, in fact to up-

set for a little while her complete vanity

Coming into Sir Jasper's dressing room

"It is all up with me, Jasper; I've asked

departure of this beastly world altogether.

and self-satisfaction.

brain was beating like a sledge hammer; he

Ladies' Knit Underwear

piete as it was in the beginning of the season. Every number has been kept up; every little detail has been carefully attended to. We carry all the leading brands, such as the Oneita, Fitwell and Merode garmets, in every weight, every style, every price and color. In order to increase our sales, make selling swift and sure and have every one become better acquainted with this department we will offer 28 dozen ladies' Vests and Pants, the Fitwell brand, in every size and three different colors, nicely fleeced and finished, a 25c gar- 22c

ment, for Monday 60 dozen ladies Vests and Pants, extra fine ribbed, with silk finish and woven fleece, a 50c garment, 33c The Oneita glove-fitting Unions, Jersey

ribbed and heavily fleeced, a 50c 43c garment, for Choice of any \$1.00 garment in the house, including separate garments in the Merode, fine all-wool garments, Oneita and Merode Unions, 89c

15 per cent. discount on any of our all-wool unions.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Hosiery

We have just received an elegant line of fancy Hoslery. In this department you will find any style you want, any number you may call for and at prices that are difficult to match. We have the largest Hosiery Department in Indiana, the greatest number of different styles and weights. A call will convince the most skeptical of the truth of this statement. On Tuesday we offer-

Ladies' fast black Hose, fleeced, double heels and soles, a 10c 7c value, for..... A heavily fleeced Hose, extra high spliced heels and soles, Herms- 11c

dorf dye, a 15c value, for Our 25c line, with or without the fleece, natural wool ones, with double 21c Choice of any 50c number, in fancy plaids or stripes, extra heavy plain woven ones, drop stitch or woolen ones, for

of anything, in fact? Good heavens! I

never thought I could love a slip of a girl

like this. To think that she won't even try

together a very sad affair, indeed.

come by almost his death in such

who were hastily summoned, said it was a

very bad affair indeed, and, even though the

patient might not die, it could only be

Lady Conyers promptly donned a de

lightfully big apron, and quite the most

tecoming thing in caps, and nursed him.

For the time being, she was quite attentive

and good-natured, but the doctors were

very stupid, dried-up, old spectacled crea-

Joyce, during those weeks of sickness,

Joyce, who had been so gay and happy

and laughing and mischievous, had turned

into a sad-faced, wistful-eyed woman now,

with always that great aching pain of

hopelessness at her heart that would go

on through all the long years of life that

But Sir Jasper did not die; he made, in-

stead, quite a surprising recovery, only no

"Ah, Joyce, I never believed in angels

before, but I do now, though, for ever since

I have been ill I have had one sitting by

you are well enough now to read it your-

Lady Conyers had been quite correct and

regular in her correspondence since Sir

Jasper had been sufficiently recovered to

understand; she had even gone so far as

to make her letters quite long and enter-

tures, and the great house at Shallowdene

case of partial recovery.

goodness of her heart.

was very pale and very still.

lay stretching before her.

room in her quiet, gentle way.

his brain.

on his forehead.

talked to."

self?"

always so pale now.

Joyce interrupted him.

scandal about town.

Bring the ad, with you. Call for articles advertised.

For Christmas Presents

Toilet Cases, Manicure Sets, Albums, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Tie Cases, Etc.

A black imitation leather Toilet Case, satin lined, ebony, with ster-\$1.75 ling silver trimmed, for..... Collar Boxes, including Tle Boxes, two

clasps, nicely trimmed and \$2.98 finished, satin lining Glove and Handkerchief Sets combined, consisting of two pieces, bro-

Glove Boxes, extra large, with plaited satin lining and hand

painted\$1.98 Plush and Celluloid Trimmed Al- 980 bums, medium size

Small sized Album, nicely decorated, with sterling silver clasps, Extra large standing mirror \$4.50

Shaving Sets, consisting of \$1.50 cup, brush and razor...... Enameled Handkerchief Boxes, hand painted\$1.75

Ebony Toilet Sets, consisting of five sterling silver trimmed\$3.00 Leather Toilet Cases, with

satin lining, 5 pieces, for\$9.75 Folding Tollet Cases, 9 pieces, satin lindouble folding mirrors\$5.48 Folding hand-painted Case, handsomely

pieces Toilet Cases, with ten ebony pieces, sterling silver mountings, \$6.50 satin trimmed Folding Cases, eleven pieces, two mir-

engraved, ten

rors, heavy clasps and

hinges

\$8.50

\$9.50

Gents' Leather Traveling \$3.50 Cases, kid lined, 3 pieces... Ebony Military Brushes, sterling trimmed\$3.75

What is the good of living-what's the good | as he took the letter from Joyce's little

"Joyce, don't talk of her; don't let us ever mention her name between us. You

know I hate and loathe and despise her, "Thank heaven for that!" thought Sir not, though, so completely as I loathe and despise myself for making her my wife. I thought one might arrange these things It had been a terrible accident, and alto suit one's convenience. I didn't reckon with love, you see, Joyce; I had lived so Jasper was very badly hurt-so badly, in long without it that I never believed there fact, that the doctors gave little hope of was such a thing in the world. But since his recovery. The gay crowd of visitors I met you my life has been so very, very had all left Shallowdene in a great hurry, changed, and now I could have it for it was changed into a house of sickness heart to murder the hateful woman who now. It was strange that, arter having takes away from me the right to claim your braved so many dangers and lived through love. And, ah, Joyce, how you love me! such exciting scenes. Sir Jasper should I know it, for you have let me read it in a hundred different ways; and now what is simple way. He had been riding through there that lies before us? Nothing but just the woods with loose rein, and his horse a black hopelessness. Can you forgive me had stumbled in a rabbit-hole and thrown for blighting your young life and for bringhim. His head had come in contact with ing you nothing but misery? Heaven grant a sharp stone, which had stunned him, and that you can, for I cannot forgive myself, he had been dragged by his frightened They have been happy days we have spent horse for many yards, with his foot entogether here at Shallowdene, though Provtangled in the reins, until some laborers dence has been very sparing to us, has it had found him and carried him home to not? It might, I think, have granted us a the frightened household, and the doctors, little more, when it gives to some people

> dependent upon those around me for every-"Don't-don't talk like this, for I cannot bear to hear it," interrupted Joyce, as she sank down on her knees by the bedside and buried her face in her outstretched

so much. I wish I could say honestly and

truthfully, 'Forget me, dear, and find some

other man who will make you happy,' but I

cannot, for I want you to go on loving me

forever. And what is there left to me?

Nothing but to lie, just a hopeless cripple,

ony and depression of a sickroom was bad "I said I intended to settle down at Conher, and she says she can never love me, for the complexion; and so, in a surprisyers Court," went on Sir Jasper, with a "Thanks, old fellow; and if Joyce will and that I mustn't even hope. 'Pon my ingly short time, her ladyship returned to grim laugh, "and I shall certainly have to do so now more completely than ever I ex-It was very trying to Joyce to want to pected; only, Joyce, I shall have the share the duties of the sickroom with the blessed thought that I have known you, two entirely competent hospital nursesand shall long for you every hour of my they were quite enough for the most exacthopeless life, and the longings will go on ing of invalids, and what could Joyce know and on, growing more and ever more, until about nursing? Surely, nothing at allthe merciful day shall come when everyonly just so much as any sweet-natured, thing will vanish into a blessed, black fortender-hearted woman knows how to nurse getfulness. And you, Joyce?" the man she loves with all the womanly

But Joyce did not answer. IV.

The lovely Lady Conyers continued to enjoy her life very much indeed. She had gathered unto herself even more admirers than ever, and each season had seemed to grow younger and more fascinating. She spent quite eight months of the year now in town and the remaining four at her villa at Nice. Convers Court rarely saw her; "It was so deadly dull, you know," she would remark, conversationally, to one of her ad-

power on earth could save him from re-And Sir Jasper, lying always there alone maining a hopeless cripple all his life. at Conyers Court, certainly found it very When he regained consciousness he would dull indeed. Sometimes, when the day lie very still, always where he could see was fine, he would be wheeled round to Joyce's sweet face as she moved about the the stables, and Ladybird, his favorite hunter, would rub her soft, velvety nose The touch of her hand would send a against her master's coatsleeve, and whinthousand mad thoughts rushing through ny inquiringly, as much as to say: "Why don't you mount me and let us be off?" and One day, when he had woke up from a Sir Jasper, patting her glossy, chestnut long and dreamless sleep-surely, he lock, would answer: "Ah! it's no use, thought, that must have been a kiss he felt Ladybird. We've had some glorious spins across country together, haven't we? But Joyce was sitting by the bedside with a that's all over for me now." tinge of carmine on her cheeks, which were

Sir Jasper would never ride to hounds nor tramp across the turnips any more. All that was left to him to do was to lie very still all day long thinking, loving, longing for Joyce.

my bed. Tell me, have I been saying some And Joyce returned to madame's quiet very wild things lately? I am sure I am house in the Rue de Berger for a long visit. quite sane enough now, though, to be 'Ah, how completely changed!" thought madame, as she scanned the pretty, sad, wistful face before her with her keen old "I have a letter here for you from Mabel. It came this morning. Do you think

"Dearie, have you been happy since you left us? Is there anything the matter?" And Joyce answered: "Nothing, madame dear, nothing really-only I thought the world was such a lovely place, and instead I have found it very, very sad." [Copyright, 1901.]

taining with all the piquant little bits of It is said that in prehistoric times the Incas of Peru built roads that extended But Sir Jasper did not seem anxious to from the tropically-heated valleys up the open his wife's communication. Instead frost, using the natural asphalt rock, and mountains to the regions of perpetual made an angry gesture of impatience these roads are in good condition to-day.



NELL-Weil, do you think they would let me go to the bad place on

Baturdays.